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Ann C. Fetter
Aug. 13th 1875
Salem, N. C.—

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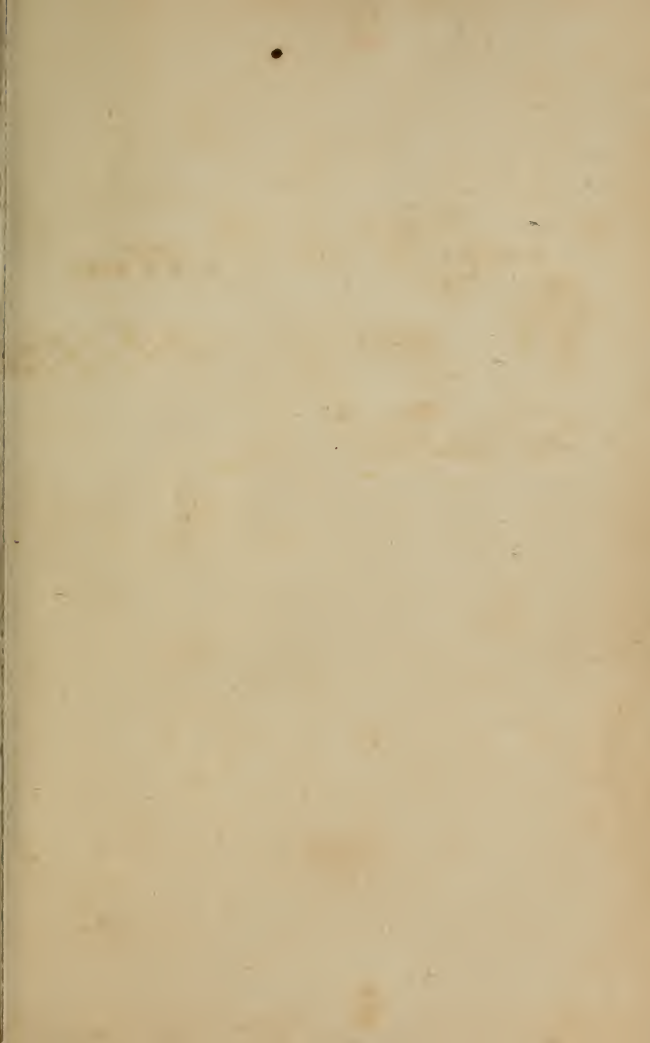
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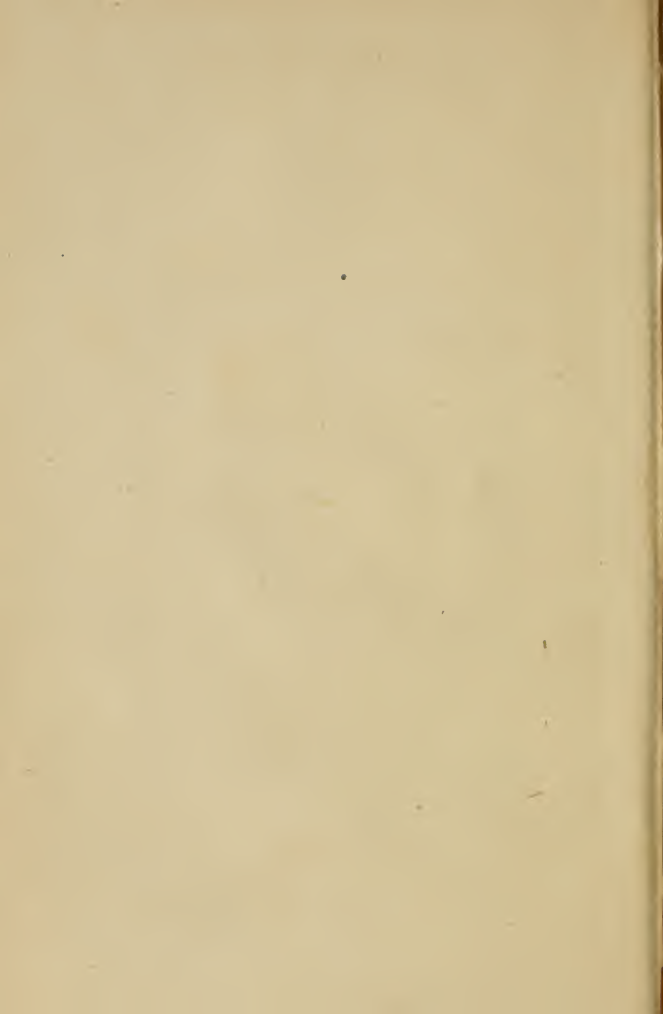
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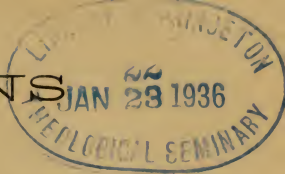
Section

5913





HYMNS



ARRANGED FOR THE

COMMUNION SERVICE

OF THE

CHURCH OF THE UNITED BRETHREN

AT SALEM.

SALEM, N. C.

E. A. VOGLER.

1867.

HYMNS ETC.

I.

T. 185.

GREAT the feast to which thou Lord hast
bidden

Such a worthless guest as me ;
'Tis an awful mystery, deep and hidden,
'Tis a heavenly legacy :
Contrite souls, howe'er by sin infected,
Are made welcome—not one is rejected,
Else this grace to sinful me
Never could extended be.

Thou thy table spreadest for the needy,
Who may feast and take their fill ;
Thou to grant thy heavenly gifts art ready,
And thy goodness to reveal ;
Soul and body in this rich fruition
Gain from thee, the Bread of life, nutrition ;
And we, as thy flesh and bone,
Lord, with thee are rendered one.

PRAYER.

Say, "My peace I leave with you."
Amen, amen, be it so.

Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread, and when he had given thanks, he brake it and gave it to his disciples and said: Take, eat, this is my body which is given for you. This do in remembrance of me.

T. 107.

As oft as we enjoy this blessing,
 Each sacred token doth declare
 Thy dying love, all thought surpassing ;
 And while we thee in memory bear,
 At each returning celebration
 We show thy death for our salvation.
 Assurance of our pardon sealed
 Is in this sacrament renew'd ;
 The soul with peace and joy is filled,
 With thy atoning blood bedew'd ;
 That stream from all defilement cleanses,
 And life abundantly dispenses.

T. 119.

Bread of life,
 Christ by whom alone we live :
 Bread that came to us from heaven,
 My poor soul can never thrive,
 Unless thou appease its craving ;
 Lord, I hunger only after thee,
 Feed thou me.

T. 56.

They who hunger after Christ are fed,
All the thirsty to life's fountain led,
He the needy doth supply
With good things abundantly;
From his fullness they are nourished.

T. 205.

Eat and rest—at this great feast,
Then to serve Him freely go,
As it is—for pilgrims fit,
As disciples ought to do ;
We, when Jesus we shall see
Coming in his majesty,
Shall the marriage supper share,
If we his true followers are.

Eat, this is the body, etc.

SILENT PRAYER AND ORGAN SOLO.

T. 149.

O what happiness divine,
What a lot most precious
Confidently to recline
On the breast of Jesus,
Where who will takes his fill,
And yet longs forever
For more grace and favor.

Jesus cometh to fulfill
 All thy heart desireth,
 Doth himself to thee reveal,
 Thee with love inspireth :
 His blood spilt, all thy guilt
 Will erase forever,
 And thy sins will cover.

After the same manner, also, our Lord Jesus Christ took the cup, when he had supped, gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying: Drink ye all of it; this is my blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you, and for many for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

T. 581.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy riven side, which flow'd,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
 Not the labor of my hands
 Can fulfill thy law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow,
 All for sin could not atone:
 Thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling,
 Naked, come to thee for dress,
 Helpless look to thee for grace,
 Vile, I to the fountain fly—
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

T. 14.

There is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains;
 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day:
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Wash'd all my sins away.

T. 594.

No drop of blood thou deem'dst too precious
 To shed for sinners vile like me;
 O that thy fire of love, dear Jesus,
 Inflam'd my heart with love to thee!
 May thy atoning death and passion,
 Thy agony and bitter pain,
 Until my final consummation,
 Deep in my heart engrav'd remain.
 O might I live in the enjoyment
 Of all my Lord for me hath gain'd!

Might this be daily my employment,
 To muse on what his soul sustained ;
 O may his hands, whereon engraven
 My poor and worthless name doth stand,
 Support me till I in the haven
 Of endless joy shall safely land !

T. 159.

We now return, each to his tent,
 Joyful and glad of heart ;
 And from our solemn covenant,
 Through grace will ne'er depart:
 Once more we pledge both heart and hand.
 As in God's presence here we stand,
 To live to him and him alone
 Till we surround his throne.

 II.

T. 205.

ISRAEL'S seed—from slavery freed,
 Eat with joy their Paschal lamb ;
 But the bride—of Christ who died
 Her from bondage to redeem,
 Hath another passover ;
 There the shadow, substance here ;
 She enjoys the flesh and blood
 Of the slaughter'd Lamb of God.

Here we now, most humbly bow,
 Met in our Redeemer's name,
 Who for us—died on the cross,
 Bearing our reproach and shame ;
 'Fore the Father—'fore the son,
 And the Spirit—Three in One—
 With the countless heavenly host,
 And the assembly of the just.

PRAYER.

T. 14.

O 'tis the greatest happiness,
 When of his peace divine
 We have a feeling, and he says,
 “ Fear not, for thou art mine.”

Our Lord Jesus Christ, etc.

T. 141.

Christ, thy flock doth hunger
 For thy flesh, our food,
 Thirsts with ardent longing
 For thy precious blood,
 Which thou hast bequeathed,
 As thy testament
 To thy congregation
 In the sacrament.

Like the King of Salem,
 Thou with wine and bread
 Com'st to meet thy people
 Them to cheer and feed.
 O preserve the enjoyment,
 Of thy blood and death,
 To thy congregation,
 While we live by faith.

T. 151.

Those souls are truly blessed
 Who to our Saviour cleave,
 Of living faith possessed,
 And in his name believe;
 For what is still denied
 To sight, while here below,
 Is by our faith enjoyed,
 And makes our hearts to glow.
 Draw near to Jesus' table,
 Ye contrite souls, draw near;
 The hungry, sick, and feeble
 Are made most welcome here.
 Let Jesus' death engraven
 Upon your hearts remain;
 Thus here, and there in heaven,
 Eternal life you gain.

T. 168.

Others may seek satisfaction
 In this poor world's vanity;

Meanwhile shall my heart's affection
 On my Saviour fixed be ;
 On his meritorious suffering
 And sin-expiating offering :
 World forever be thou gone,
 Leave but Christ and me alone.

Eat, this is the body, etc.

T. 26.

Here more than Tabor's glories shine,
 Heart-captivating meditation !
 Ev'n here thou feed'st thy congregation
 With heavenly manna, food divine.
 Here it is good for us to be ;
 Our souls imbibe, while here we tarry,
 The breezes of the sanctuary,
 The atmosphere of Calvary.

T. 79.

Thy precious, all-atoning blood
 Is to this hour, O Lamb of God,
 An ocean of free grace :
 All those who venture to draw nigh
 To thee, can witness bear with joy,
 They ne'er go empty from thy face.

After the same manner also, etc.

T. 166.

Ye followers of the slaughter'd Lamb,
Draw near, and take the cup of God;
Approach unto the healing stream
And drink of the atoning blood;
The blood for our redemption spilt,
Assuring us of purchased grace,
That blood which takes away all guilt,
And speaketh to the conscience peace.

T. 16.

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend:
Life and health and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Here I'll sit forever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood:
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

T. 166.

The grace is great, unspeakable
The privilege unbounded,
That we, although deserving hell,
By sin most deeply wounded,

Are, by the virtue of Christ's death,
From sin's pollution cleared,
And, cleaving unto him by faith,
Are one with him declared.

T. 185.

Praise be given to Christ, our souls' beloved,
By us sinners; what are we?
Feeble human creatures, far removed
From angelic purity;
Yet when he to his rich banquet bids us,
Where he with his sacred body feeds us,
And we drink his blood once shed,
We are richly comforted.

T. 22.

We join together heart and hand,
To walk towards the promised land;
For his appearance may with care
Each member day and night prepare,
Till we the Lord our righteousness
Shall see in glory face to face;
The bond of peace may we maintain,
And one with him our Lord remain.

III.

T. 166.

JESUS, thy feast we celebrate,
Show forth thy death, and praise thy name
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb;
In memory of her dying Lord,
The church on earth till time shall end,
Meets at his table to record
The love of her departed friend.

T. 119.

At thy feet,
At thy pierced feet we lie;
Saviour, mark our hearts' contrition,
Listen to each broken sigh;
Ah, refuse not the petition
Of us sinners, conscious we're unclean,
Full of sin.

PRAYER.

T. 16.

Peace be to this congregation,
Peace to every soul therein;
Peace, which flows from Christ's salvation;
Peace, the seal of cancel'd sin.

Our Lord Jesus Christ, etc.

T. 595.

My Shepherd is the Lamb,
 The living Lord who died ;
 With all that's truly good, I am
 Most plenteously supplied ;
 He richly feeds my soul
 With manna from above,
 And leads me where the rivers roll
 Of everlasting love.
 My table he doth spread
 With choicest fare, and I
 Behold the Lamb, the living bread,
 And eat most joyfully.

T. 167.

O the love, wherewith I'm loved,
 Source of all my happiness ;
 Thou, O Love, by mercy moved,
 Takest upon thee my distress ;
 As a lamb led to the slaughter,
 Goest to the cross's tree,
 Seal'st thy love with blood and water,
 Bear'st the world's iniquity.

T. 151.

My heart with love is glowing,
 I see my Saviour die ;

His head I see him bowing,
 This brought me endless joy ;
 He gave himself an offering
 For sin, that I might live ;
 He saved me by his suffering,
 To him myself I give.

T. 185.

Therefore all his agony and passion
 And his sin-atoning death,
 Shall remain through grace, our faith's foundation,
 While we draw our mortal breath ;
 Thus shall neither honor, wealth, nor pleasures,
 Rob our souls of everlasting treasures ;
 Jesus, both by day and night,
 Shall remain our sole delight.

. Eat, this is the body, etc.

T. 26.

Rise and your pilgrim path pursue,
 Revived by this rich fruition ;
 Soon shall the beatific vision,
 The Lamb in glory, meet your view.

T. 594.

The thought of blood and water bursting
 From God, my rock, o'ercomes my heart;
 I for that living flood am thirsting,
 O may it stream thro' every part;
 Lord, for thy love, with adoration,
 I'll thank and laud thee all my days,
 Long as I live shall each pulsation
 And every breath declare thy praise.

After the same manner also, etc.

T. 151.

Thy blood, so dear and precious,
 Love made thee shed for me;
 O may I now, dear Jesus,
 Love thee most fervently;
 May the divine impression
 Of thy atoning death,
 And all thy bitter passion,
 Ne'er leave me while I've breath.

T. 166.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

T. 165.

On my heart thy wounds forever
Be inscribed indelibly,
That I ne'er forget, dear Saviour,
What thou hast endured for me ;
Thou'rt indeed my highest good,
End of all solicitude ;
Let me, at thy feet abased,
Be to taste thy friendship raised.

T. 185.

With new life endow'd by Christ, our Sa-
viour,
May we to the world be dead ;
That great prize to gain be our endeavor,
Purchased when for us he bled ;
By his love constrain'd may we adore him,
Thinking, speaking, acting, as before him,
Being to his gracious mind
Ever willingly resign'd.

T. 159.

We in one covenant are join'd
And one in Jesus are ;

With voices and with hearts combin'd
 His praise we will declare :
 In doctrine and in practice one,
 We'll love and serve the Lord alone ;
 With one accord sound forth his praise,
 Till we behold his face.

IV.

T. 9.

TILL the hour shall come with tears,
 By the church desired,
 When our Lord again appears,
 Now from sight retired :
 He bath with a pledge of grace
 His dear flock supplied,
 Whereby we, his witness-race,
 Show forth that he died.
 'Tis his body and his blood
 Which the soul refreshes ;
 Church of Christ, thy highest good
 Claims thy thanks and praises.
 With deep reverence we draw nigh,
 Falling down before thee ;
 While we this repast enjoy,
 We with awe adore thee.

PRAYER.

T. 595.

Let not your heart be faint,
My peace I give to you,
Such peace as reason never planned,
As worldlings never knew.

Our Lord Jesus Christ, etc.

T. 151.

I fully am assured
My Saviour loveth me,
By all he hath endured
In his great agony;
His back plow'd deep with furrows,
His side pierc'd with a spear,
And unexampled sorrows
His boundless love declare.

T. 168.

Jesus, source of my salvation,
Conqueror both of death and hell;
Thou who didst for my salvation,
Feel what I deserved to feel;
Through thy sufferings, death, and merit,
I eternal life inherit;
Thousand thousand thanks to thee,
Dearest Lord, forever be.

T. 119.

For thy death,
 Thou art worthy, Lamb of God,
 That our lives and whole demeanor
 Praise thee ; yea, each drop of blood
 Be devoted to thy honor,
 And our souls uninterruptedly
 Cleave to thee.

T. 146.

Where my Redeemer's blood
 And sweat the earth did cover,
 May every sinful thought
 Be now interr'd forever.
 Lord Jesus, grant my prayer,
 That I may thine abide,
 And by thy holy flesh
 And blood be sanctified.

T. 23.

Now is come our time sabbatic,
 Lord, we feel thy power emphatic ;
 Ah, draw near to us, dear Saviour,
 Let us taste thy grace and favor.

Eat, this is the body, etc.

T. 595.

Come, O my soul, and sing
How Jesus gave himself to thee,
The true, the living bread.
For food he gives his flesh ;
He bids us drink his blood ;
Amazing favor, matchless grace,
Of our incarnate God.

T. 23.

Flock of Christ, with exultation
View the well-spring of salvation ;
Drink and live, with an emotion
Of unfeigned heart's devotion.

After the same manner, etc.

T. 594.

For our transgressions thou wast wounded ;
Our sins, O Lord, on thee were laid ;
'Thy sufferings, O what love unbounded,
For guilty man the debt have paid :
With humble thanks we now adore thee ;
Thy cross our glory shall remain ;
Yet oft ashamed we weep before thee,
That we by sin the Lord have slain.

T. 165.

Heal me, O my soul's physician,
Wheresoe'er I'm sick or sad;
All the woes of my condition
By thy balm be now allay'd;
Heal the hurts which Adam wrought,
Or which on myself I've brought;
If thy blood me only cover,
My distress will soon be over.

T. 151.

Here am I blushing, weeping,
A breeze of heavenly bliss
From Jesus' cross perceiving,
Rejoicing that I'm his;
'To him what shall I render
My grateful heart to show?
Did but my love more tender,
More ardent for him glow.

T. 168.

Lord, I'll praise thee now and ever,
Who for me wast crucified,
For thy agony, dear Saviour,
For thy wounds and pierced side!

For thy stooping under sentence
 Of God's wrath and fiery vengeance;
 For thy death and love divine,
 Lord, I'll be forever thine.

T. 159.

My only joy and comfort here
 Is Jesus' death and blood;
 I with this passport can appear
 Before the throne of God:
 Admitted to the realms of bliss,
 I then shall see him as he is,
 Where countless pardon'd sinners meet,
 Adoring at his feet.

 V.

T. 590 OR 14.

THAT doleful night before his death,
 The Lamb, for sinner's slain,
 Did, almost with his latest breath,
 This solemn feast ordain:
 To keep thy feast, Lord, are we met,
 And to remember thee;
 Help each poor sinner to repeat,
 For me he died, for me.
 Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign
 To our remembrance brings;

We feed upon thy love divine,
Forget all earthly things;
O tune our voices, and inflame
Our hearts with love to thee;
That each may gratefully proclaim,
The Saviour died for me.

PRAYER.

T. 37.

O church, thy strength abide
Joy in thy Saviour;
Thy Friend himself draws near,
Come taste his favor;
Await, devout and still,
The grace he giveth;
With all who seek his face
His peace he leaveth.

Our Lord Jesus Christ, etc.

T. 165.

Thousand times by me be greeted,
Jesus who hast loved me,
And thyself to death submitted
For my treason against thee;
Ah, how happy do I feel
When 'fore thee I humbly kneel,

At the cross where thou expiredst,
And true life for me acquiredst.

T. 594.

I see his hands and feet extended
Upon the cross in keenest smart ;
He bows his head, the conflict's ended ;
I see the spear transfix his heart.
Thus closed he his bitter passion,
Expiring on the accursed tree ;
Then horror seiz'd the whole creation,
But streams of grace came over me.

T. 185.

O delightful theme, past all expression :
" Thy Redeemer died for thee !"
Ah, this prompts my deepest adoration,
When I hear : " He died for me."
Might my thoughts, my words, my whole
behavior,
Prove that I believe in Christ, my Saviour ;
Yea, my love to Jesus show
His to me in all I do.

T. 205.

We adore thee evermore,
Jesus, for thy boundless grace ;

For thy cross, whereby for us
 Thou hast gain'd true happiness;
 For thy death, which set us free
 From sin's cruel slavery;
 For thy all-atoning blood,
 Which hath brought us nigh to God.

T. 151.

Are we of our salvation
 Assured through thy love?
 May we on each occasion
 To thee more faithful prove.
 Hast thou our sins forgiven?
 Then leaving things behind,
 May we press on to heaven,
 And bear the prize in mind.

T. 205.

Thro' thy grace, may we always
 Put our trust in thee by faith,
 And rely eternally
 On thy meritorious death;
 Fill our hearts with constant peace,
 Till in thee we end our race,
 And shall thee for evermore,
 'Midst the ransom'd hosts, adore.

Eat, this is the body, etc.

T. 22.

O church rejoice, though tremblingly,
The Lord's death now pervadeth thee ;
O may his sacred body cure,
And make our souls and bodies pure.

T. 146.

Lord Jesus, may the blood
Thou shed'st for our salvation,
Which is our highest good,
Refresh this congregation,
When in the sacrament
We drink of it in faith,
And by this testament
Show forth thy bitter death.

After the same manner also, etc.

T. 14.

According to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.
Thy body broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
The testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

Remember thee and all thy pains
 And all thy love to me ;
 Yea, while a breath, a pulse, remains,
 Will I remember thee ;
 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
 And mind and memory flee,
 When thou shalt to thy kingdom come,
 Jesus, remember me.

T. 594.

One view, Lord Jesus, of thy passion
 Will make the fainting spirit glad ;
 This yields us solid consolation,
 When thy dear blood, so freely shed,
 Pervades and heals both soul and body ;
 When thou dost give to us thy peace ;
 Ah, then our arms of faith are ready
 Thy cross, O Jesus, to embrace.

T. 90 OR 96.

Jesus was slain for me and you,
 To bring us rebels back to God ;
 Believe, believe the record true,
 Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood ;
 Pardon for all flows from his side,
 My Lord, my Love, was crucified.
 Then let us sit beneath his cross
 And gladly catch the healing stream,

All things for him account but loss,
And all give up our hearts to him ;
O may we nothing know beside
The Lamb of God as crucified.

T. 151.

Lord, grant us thy salvation
And peace divine we pray,
While under tribulation
On earth below we stay ;
Till we shall stand before thee,
And for redeeming grace,
With all the saints in glory,
Our hallelujah raise.

T. 185.

We, who here together are assembled,
Joining hearts and hands in one,
Bind ourselves with love that's undissembled,
Christ to love and serve alone ;
O may our imperfect songs and praises
Be well pleasing unto thee, Lord Jesus !

Say, " My peace I leave with you."
Amen, amen, be it so.

VI.

T. 14.

SHEPHERD of souls, refresh and bless
 Thy chosen pilgrim flock,
 With manna in the wilderness,
 With water from the rock.
 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
 As thou when here below,
 Our souls the joys celestial seek
 That from thy sorrows flow.
 Be known to us in breaking bread,
 But do not then depart ;
 Saviour, abide with us and spread
 Thy table in our hearts.
 Then sup with us in love divine ;
 Thy body and thy blood,
 That living bread, that heavenly wine,
 Be our immortal food.

PRAYER.

Lamb of God, thy peace divine
 Seal our covenant, we are thine.

Our Lord Jesus Christ, etc.

T. 83.

More than shepherd's faithfulness
 To his flock our Saviour showeth ;

From the treasures of his grace
 He the choicest gifts bestoweth;
 As his sheep by him we're owned,
 Since his blood for us atoned.
 They who feel their want and need,
 Thirsting for his great salvation,
 On the richest pastures feed,
 Till they shall, when perfected,
 With celestial joys be fed.

T. 151.

O joy, all joys exceeding !
 Thou bread most heavenly,
 When I on thee am feeding,
 Thou dost me satisfy
 With marrow and with fatness,
 With comfort, joy, and peace,
 And fill my heart with gladness,
 Assuaging my distress.

T. 165.

Lord, in every sore temptation,
 Let thy wounds be my relief;
 When I seek thy intercession,
 Add new strength to my belief;
 Ah, the feeling of thy peace
 Sets my troubled heart at ease,
 And affords a demonstration
 Of thy love and my salvation

T. 185.

When with thee, my Lord, in closest union,
 I can all things else forget ;
 In thy fellowship and blest communion,
 I heaven's bliss anticipate ;
 By thy presence thou dispell'st all sadness,
 Filling my poor soul with joy and gladness ;
 Tho' I often am to blame,
 Yet thy love is still the same.

Eat, this is the body, etc.

T. 22.

O may our souls and bodies be
 Henceforth from sin's dominion free ;
 May we, long as on earth we live,
 To him, the Vine, as branches cleave.

T. 97.

O church of God, lift up thy heart,
 The vine its power doth impart ;
 Take, drink the blood so freely spilt
 For thine and every sinner's guilt ;
 Take, drink the blood, the blood so freely spilt
 For mine, for thine, and every sinner's guilt

After the same manner also, etc.

Look up and see,
 By faith look up and see,
 His heart was pierc'd for thee ;
 The Rock of ages,
 Whose stream thy thirst assuages,
 Was rent for thee.
 The precious blood,
 Of water and of blood,
 Of sin-atonement blood,
 Now freely floweth
 On him, who Jesus knoweth
 As Lord and God.

T. 82.

Jesus makes my heart rejoice,
 I'm his sheep and know his voice ;
 He's a shepherd kind and gracious,
 And his pastures are delicious ;
 Constant love to me he shows ;
 Yea, my worthless name he knows.
 Trusting his mild staff always,
 I go in and out in peace ;
 He will feed me with the treasure
 Of his grace in richest measure ;
 When athirst to him I cry,
 Living water he'll supply.
 Should not I for gladness leap,
 Led by Jesus as his sheep ?

For when these blest days are over,
 To the arms of my dear Saviour
 I shall be convey'd to rest ;
 Amen, yea, my lot is blest.

T. 288, l. h.

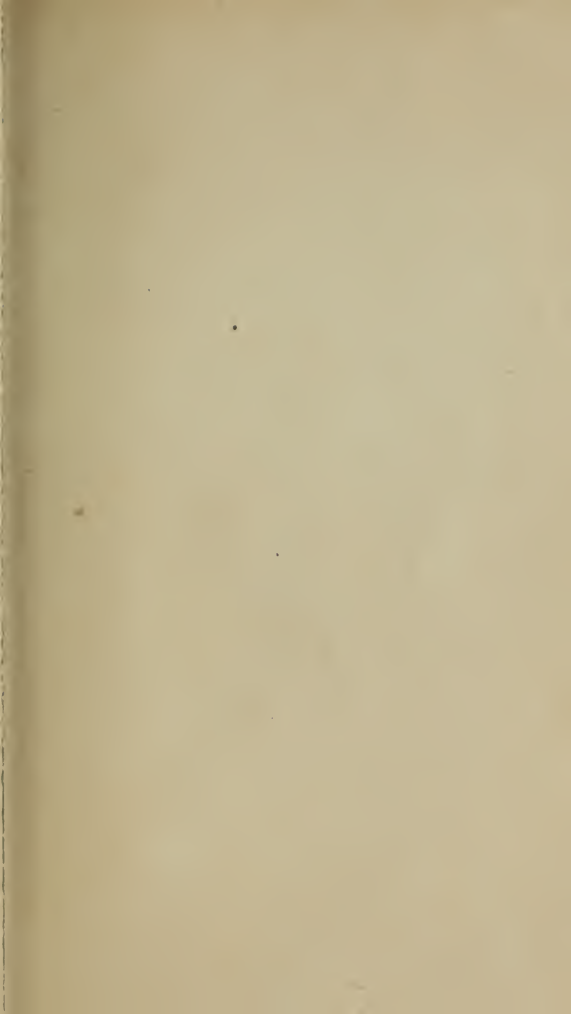
Holy, happy
 Is our union, and communion
 With our Saviour ;
 Blessed be his name forever.

T. 341.

To Christ we homage pay,
 We covenant this day,
 Him to serve with all our strength,
 Him to love with all our heart,
 Him to follow, till at length
 We obtain in heaven our part.

T. 159.

We now return each to his tent
 Joyful and glad of heart ;
 And from our solemn covenant
 Thro' grace will ne'er depart ;
 Once more we pledge both heart and hand,
 As in God's presence here we stand,
 To live to him and him alone,
 Till we surround his throne.



Leamy
Oct 1915
Mt.

